

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 37]

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 141.]

AN

INTERESTING SPANISH STORY.

IT was about eleven o'clock, on a summer's night, when the moon shone in its full splendor, that a poor old gentleman returned from his walks in the suburbs of Toledo, accompanied by his whole family, consisting of his wife, his daughter, (a young girl of sixteen) and a female servant. This gentleman, whose virtue had long stood the test of indigence, was called Don Lewis; his wife, Donna Maria; and his daughter, whose mind and person were equally angelic, Leocadia. As this worthy groupe approached the city, they were met by a young cavalier named Rodolpho; one of those youths of quality, who think that rank and fortune are adequate substitutes for honor and decency. He had just risen from table, and was proceeding on his nocturnal rambles, attended by a number of his companions, all heated with the dangerous fumes of wine: Their meeting with Don Lewis and his family, was that of the wolves and the sheep.

These youthful debauchees stopped short, and stared at the women with an air of insolence. One of them kissed the servant; the old gentleman expostulates; they insult him; he draws his sword with a hand that trembles with age; Rodolpho disarms him, with a contemptuous sneer; then takes Leocadia

in his arms, and, escorted by his guilty companions, conveys her in triumph to the city.

While Don Lewis was uttering imprecations against his own weakness, while Donna Maria was rending the air with her cries, and the servant calling in vain for assistance, the wretched Leocadia fainted in the arms of Rodolpho; who having reached his own mansion, dismissed his friends, and opening a private door, carried his victim to his chamber, without a light, and without being seen by any of the servants. Before she could effectually recover her senses, he there perpetrated the most abominable crime, of which intoxication and brutality can render a man guilty.

When Rodolpho had gratified his infamous desires, he remained for an instant in a state of suspense, at a loss how to act; and he doubtless experienced sentiments of remorse: but before he could come to any determination, Leocadia recovered; all was silence and darkness around her; She sighed, she trembled, and exclaimed with a feeble voice—

My mother! Oh! my mother, where are you? My father!—Answer me; where am I? What bed is this? O, God! O, my God, hast thou forsaken me?—Does any one hear me?—Am I in my tomb! Ah! wretch that I am! Would to Heaven I were there!

At that moment, Rodolpho seized her hand; she shrieked aloud, started from him, advanced a few steps, and fell on the floor. Rodolpho approached; she then rose on her knees, and, in accents of despair, interrupted by frequent sobs, exclaimed, O you, whoever you are, who are the author of my misery; you, who have just rendered me the most wretched, the most contemptible of creatures; if in your breast remain one single spark of honor; if your heart be susceptible of the least sense of pity, I beseech, I conjure you, to put an end to my existence! It is the only possible reparation for the injury you have done me. In the name of heaven, in the name of all that is dear to you, take away my life. You may do it, without incurring the smallest danger; there is no witness here; no body will know your guilt; the crime will be inferior to that you have already committed: and I think—yes, I think—I can forgive you all that you have done, if you but grant my present prayer, and give me that death which is now my sole resource.

As she uttered these words, she embraced the knees of Rodolpho, who immediately left the room without speaking a syllable; and having locked the door after him, went doubtless to see whether there was any body in the house, or in the street, that could oppose the execution of a project he had just conceived.

As soon as he was gone, Leocadia got

up, and approached the window, with a design of throwing herself out of it; but she was prevented by a strong shutter, which she was unable to open. Having drawn aside the window curtains, the light of the moon entered the apartment. Leocadia remained motionless, reflecting on the misery of her situation: As she cast her eyes around her, she examined with care, the form and size of the room; and having observed the furniture, and pictures, and the tapestry, she discovered a small golden crucifix lying on an oratory, which she took up, and hid in her bosom. She then placed the curtain as it was before, and waited in darkness for the barbarian who was to decide on her fate.

It was not long before Rodolpho returned; he was alone, and still without a light. He approached Leocadia; and having tied a handkerchief over her eyes, took her by the hand, without uttering a single word, led her into the street, and after walking several turns, stopped at the door of the great church, where he left her, and retired with the utmost precipitation.

It was some time before Leocadia durst remove the handkerchief from her eyes. At length finding every thing quiet around her, she ventured to untie it; and the church being the first object that presented itself to her sight, her first action was to fall on her knees, and address a fervent prayer to Heaven: She then arose, and directed her trembling steps to the house of Don Lewis.

The wretched parents were lamenting the loss of their child, when they heard a knock at the door. Don Lewis ran to open it; and seeing Leocadia threw his arms round her neck, uttering a loud exclamation of joy, which brought Donna Maria, who, equally surprised and rejoiced, pressed her daughter to her bosom. They both invoked the benedictions of heaven on their child, whom they called the comfort of their lives, and the sole support of their old age; they bathed her with the tears of affection; and harassed her with such a multiplicity of questions, as effectually precluded the possibility of an answer.

When the first transports were over the unhappy Leocadia threw herself at her father's feet, and with downcast eyes, and blushing countenance, related

every thing that had passed, though she had scarcely strength enough to finish the dismal tale. Don Lewis raised her up, and pressing her in his arms, said, My dearest child, dishonor can only result from the commission of a crime; and thou hast committed none? interrogate thy conscience, can it find in thy words, actions, or thoughts, the smallest subject for reproach! No, my child, thou art still the same; still my good, my virtuous, Leocadia; and my paternal heart esteems, respects, and venerates thee, more perhaps than before thy misfortune.

Leocadia, encouraged by these affectionate expressions, showed her father the crucifix, which she had brought away with her, in the hope that it might one day lead to the discovery of her ravisher. The old man, fixing his eyes on the crucifix, and shedding tears, thus addressed it: O my God! may your eternal justice deign to discover, deign to present to my sight, the barbarian who has injured my child! My arm shall recover the vigor of youth, and wash away the insult with his guilty blood!

The transports of Don Lewis augmented the grief of Leocadia; which her mother endeavored to soothe, by taking the crucifix from her husband; who, forgetting his anger, when the object that caused it was removed, again returned to console his daughter, both by words and caresses.

After some time wholly devoted to sorrow, the unfortunate Leocadia recovered a small portion of her lost tranquillity; but she never left the house for a moment, from a conviction that her countenance would betray to every one she met, the cruel outrage she had suffered. Alas! she soon found more powerful inducements to keep herself concealed. Not many weeks had elapsed, before she perceived she was pregnant; a discovery which affected her so deeply, that her father and mother had the utmost difficulty to prevail on her to survive it. For several days, she refused all kind of nourishment, and courted death as the only source, from whence she could derive consolation. But affection for her parents, and respect for the new character she was about to assume, overcame at length the suggestions of despair, and fortified her mind with sufficient reso-

lution to support the evils she was doomed to experience.

When the time of her delivery approached, Don Lewis and his wife hired a small country house, whither they repaired without a single attendant; and Donna Maria herself supplied the place of the midwife. With her assistance, Leocadia gave birth to a lovely boy, to whom Don Lewis stood godfather, and bestowed on him his own name.—The mother soon recovered, and as she experienced the most lively affection for her child, being never easy when he was out of her sight, her parents resolved to keep him in the house, and to pass him for the son of a near relation. When the health of Leocadia was sufficiently re-established, they all returned to Toledo where no one had suspected the true cause of their absence. The adventure of Rodolpho (who, soon after it happened, had set out on a journey to Naples) made no noise; and Leocadia, an object of universal respect and esteem, continued to discharge with equal strictness the sacred duties of a parent and a child.

Young Lewis, in the mean time, advanced in age and beauty, daily acquiring new charms, and exhibiting frequent proofs of an understanding far above his years. One day, when he just entered his eighth year, there was a grand combat of bulls in the city; and the child placed himself at the door of his mother's house, to see the procession of young noblemen, who were to enter the lists with those ferocious animals. Endeavoring to cross the street, in order to obtain a better sight of the procession, he was rode over by one of the troop, whose horse had run away with him; and received a wound in the head from whence issued a great quantity of blood. A crowd speedily collected around him as he lay crying on the pavement; and a venerable cavalier who was going to the combat, attended by a number of servants, having approached to enquire the cause of the tumult, and seeing the child in that condition, immediately alighted, took him up in his arms, and wiped the blood from his wound; then, sending for the best surgeon, pierced the wound, and carried him to his own house.

(To be continued.)

CHARLOTTE CORDE,

ASSASSINATOR OF MARAT.

Translated from the French of Du Broca.

CHARLOTTE CORDE was born at St. Saturnin des Lignerets, in the year 1768. Nature had bestowed on her a handsome person, wit, feeling, and masculine energy of understanding. She received her education in a convent; but, disdaining the frivolous minutiae of that species of education, she labored with constant assiduity to cultivate her own powers, and hourly strengthened that bent of her imagination towards the great and sublime, which accorded with the inflexible purity of her manners, while it fitted her for that perilous enterprise to which, at the age of 25, she fell a self-devoted sacrifice.

Her love of study rendered her careless of the homage that her beauty attracted, and her desire of independence caused her to refuse many offers of marriage from men to whom her heart was indifferent. But even philosophy and patriotism could not always render the breast of the fair and heroic disciple invulnerable to the shafts of love. The young and handsome Belzunce, major-en-second of the regiment of Bourbon, quartered at Caen, became devoted to her, and succeeded to inspire her with a passion as virtuous as profound. This young officer was massacred on the 11th of August, 1789, by a furious multitude, after Marat, in several successive numbers of his journal, called *L'Ami du Peuple*, had denounced the unfortunate Belzunce as a counter-revolutionist.

From that moment the soul of Charlotte Corde, knew no happiness, and reposed only on the desire of vengeance upon him whom she believed to be the author of her misery.

Her hatred of Marat became yet more vehement after the events of the thirty-first of May, when she beheld him who had decreed the death of Belzunce now master as it were of the destiny of France; while the deputies, whose principles she loved, and whose talents she honored, were proscribed and destitute fugitives, and looking vainly to their country, to Frenchmen and the laws, to save them from the outstretched sword of tyranny. Then it was that Charlotte

Corde resolved to satisfy the vengeance of her love, and snatch her country from the grasp of the tyrant.

To execute with perseverance and caution that which she had planned upon principle, was natural to the determined and steady mind of Charlotte Corde. She left Caen on the 9th of July, 1793, and arrived about noon on the third day at Paris. Some commissions with which she was charged by her family and friends, occupied her the first day after her arrival. Early on the next morning she went to the Palais Royal, bought a knife, and getting into a hackney coach, drove to the house of Marat. It was not then possible for her to obtain an audience of him, though she left nothing unessayed that she thought likely to influence in her favor the persons who denied her admittance.

Being returned to her hotel, she wrote the following letter to Marat:

CITIZEN,

I am just arrived from Caen. Your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation: I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to France.

In fear that this letter might not produce the effect she desired upon Marat, she wrote a second letter, still more pressing, which she intended to carry with her, and leave for him, in case she was not received. It was expressed as follows:

"I wrote you this morning, citizen Marat. Have you received my letter? I cannot imagine it is possible you have when I find your door still closed against me. I intreat that you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat that I came from Caen—that I have secrets to reveal to you of the highest importance to the safety of the republic. Besides, I am cruelly persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am unfortunate; to say that, is sufficient to entitle me to your protection.

It was unnecessary to present the second letter: for, when Charlotte

Corde arrived at the house of Marat, between seven and eight in the evening, and spoke impressively of her desire to see him, to the woman who opened the door, Marat, who heard her from his bath, where he then was, concluded it was the person from whom he had received the letter of the morning, and ordered that she should immediately be admitted.

Being left alone with him whom she intended to immolate to the manes of her lover and the injuries of her country, and sitting close by his side, she answered with the most perfect self-possession his eager questions concerning the proscribed deputies that were at Caen. He demanded their names, with those of the magistrates of Calvados, all of whom she named accurately. While he wrote memorandums of their conversation upon his tables, Charlotte Corde measured with her eye the spot whereon to strike; when, Marat having said that all these deputies and their accomplices should presently expiate their treason upon the scaffold, her indignation received his words as the signal of vengeance; she snatched the weapon from her bosom, and buried the entire knife in his heart! A single exclamation escaped the miserable wretch—"For me!" he said, and expired.

Tranquil and unmoved amidst the general consternation, Charlotte Corde, as if she proposed to atone for the murder however she deemed it necessary, by a public death, did not even attempt her escape. She had received several violent blows on her head from a neighbor of Marat, the person who ran into the room on hearing the news of his assassination; but when the armed force arrived, she put herself under their protection. An officer of the police drew up minutes of the assassination, which she cheerfully signed, and was then conveyed to the prison of the Abbey.

Calumniated, abused, and even personally ill-treated by the faction of Marat, she was three days exposed in her dungeon to all their insults and ill-usage, before she was brought to trial. During this interval, she had found means to write to her father, imploring his forgiveness for having thus disposed of her life without his concurrence.

I was in the presence of the men about to decide upon her death, one should have seen Charlotte Corde, to have felt the grandeur of her character. The records of the trial, and her own letters, give but a faint picture of her dignified and noble deportment. If she spoke to her judges, it was neither with the wild energy of demoniac nor did she affect the language of innocence; it was with the self-satisfaction of a voluntary victim, who feels it natural to devote her life to the salvation of her country, who did not welcome death as the expiation of a crime, but received it as the inevitable consequence of a mighty effort to avenge the injuries of a nation. While the curses of an incensed and prejudiced people resounded on all sides, she betrayed neither scorn nor indignation. When she looked upon the angry multitude, her eyes expressed a generous pity for the suffering and delusion of her countrymen. If she despised the men who sat in judgment on her life, she forbore to insult them: but replied to their reiterated questions with a composure and presence of mind that astonished them: while her face and person were animated with the bloom of youth and beauty, her words were graced with the eloquence of a sage!

The defence made by her counsel deserves to be recorded here for its peculiar propriety in her circumstances.

You have heard, said her counsel, altogether confounded by the courage she had displayed, the answers of the prisoner; she acknowledges her guilt; she even acknowledges, in a very deliberate manner, her long premeditation of the event. She has not suffered any of the most revolting of its circumstances to pass unnoticed by you. She confesses the whole charge, and does not seek in any manner to justify herself. This immovable temper, this absolute desertion of herself, in the very presence, I may say, of death; this absence of all remorse: these are so far from being natural, that they can only be resolved into that political phrenzy, which places a poignard in the hands of a maniac; and it is for you citizen jurors, to determine what weight this consideration ought to have in the balance of justice.

After the tumult and loud applauses that followed her condemnation had

ceased, she addressed herself to her counsel—You have defended me, she said, in a manner as generous as delicate; it was the only one that could have rendered me that service which was your object: accept my thanks and my esteem. These gentlemen inform me that my property is confiscated; but there are some little debts to pay in my prison; and, as proof of the esteem I bear you, I give the performance of this my last duty into your hands.

The hour of punishment had drawn immense crowds into every avenue to the place of execution. When she appeared alone with the executioner in the cart in despite of the constrained attitude in which she sat, and of the disorder of her dress, (for, with a little-ness of malice, they had despoiled her of every thing that could contribute to the decency of her appearance) she excited the silent admiration of those even who were hired to curse her. One man alone had courage to raise his voice in her praise: he was a deputy from the city of Mentz—his name was Adam Lux. He cried—*She is greater than Brutus!* He published the same sentiment, and signed his condemnation. He was shortly after guillotined.

CHARACTER OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

ACCORDING to the law of Russia, but one son of every peasant's family can be obliged to enter into the army; and when there is but one son in a family, he is entirely exempt from military service. Notwithstanding, the eldest son of peasant's family in the Government of Teven, having been killed in battle, the second was taken and the third also in the late enrolment, leaving to the unfortunate parents, to support them in their old age, only a blind girl and a dwarf, who was the fourth son, and had been most unkindly treated by nature. The mother fell a victim to the distress in which they were involved.

After her death the dwarf formed the resolution of coming to the capital, although he had five versts to walk. He set out on his way, and subsisted entirely on charity.—Having arrived, he procured a person to draw up a petition

for him, containing an exact narrative of all those particulars. He went to the parade, with the intention of presenting it to the Emperor; but he came too late; he went there again the next day, but his heart failed him. The third day, having acquired more resolution, he threw himself at his majesty's feet, and presented his petition. As soon as the Emperor had returned to the Palace, he instantly read the petition, and was so affected by its contents, that he gave immediate orders that a strict enquiry should be made into the whole affair. The petition was found to be perfectly correct in all its circumstances. His Majesty commanded the Minister of Justice to issue orders for the immediate freedom of the dwarf's brother, and, that five hundred roubles should be given to the dwarf, as a reward for his trouble. The Minister sent for him and communicated to him his Majesty's pleasure, adding, that there was a carriage at the door at his service, in which he might have the satisfaction of going himself for his brother, who was quartered at Catschina. The poor dwarf could scarcely believe what he saw and heard, when he was convinced of the truth of it, he forgot all distinction of rank and state; he leaped about, laughed, and committed every sort of extravagance. At length he got into the carriage, arrived at Catschina, showed the Emperor's order, and brought his brother back to his aged father, and sister. The perpetrator of this act of injustice to those poor people, is to be criminally prosecuted for the same.

MALE COQUETRY.

MALE coquetry is much more inexcusable than female, as well as more pernicious; but it is rare in this country. Very few men will give themselves the trouble to gain, or retain any woman's affections, unless they have views on them either of an honorable or dishonorable kind.

Men employed in the pursuits of business, ambition or pleasure, will not give themselves the trouble to engage a woman's affections, merely from the vanity of conquest, and of triumphing over the heart of an innocent and defenceless girl.

A man of parts, sentiment, and address, if he lays aside all regard to truth and humanity, may engage the

hearts of fifty women at the same time and may likewise conduct his coquetry with so much art as to put it out of the power of any of them to specify a single expression that could be said to be directly expressive of love.

This ambiguity of behavior, *this art of keeping one in suspense*, is the great surety of coquetry of both sexes.—It is the more cruel in men, because they can carry it what length they please, and continue it as long as they please, without the women being so much as at liberty to complain or expostulate; whereas men can break the chain, and force women to explain whenever they become impatient of their situation.

But as a woman in this country may easily prevent the first impressions of love, every motive of prudence and delicacy should make her guard her heart against them, till such a time as she has received the most convincing proofs of the attachment of a man of such merit as will justify a reciprocal regard. She should studiously labor to possess such high principles of honor and generosity, as will render her incapable of deceiving, and, at the same time, to possess that acute discernment which may secure her against being deceived.

MEMORANDA OF A STUDENT AT LAW,

For four-and-twenty hours.

NINE o'clock, A. M.—Was called by the servant to breakfast; *demurred* to it—found it wouldn't do, tho' must fill up the blanks in the abdomen.

Ten o'clock.—Felt a little squeamish: Intemperance had taken away the tone of my stomach—took a drop of stimulus, by way of *replevin*, to get it back again.

Eleven o'clock.—Peeped into Coke—what a big book it is—difficult to be understood too—couldn't stand it—took up a song-book, and humm'd over 'Mother Casey'—walked out to a neighbor's, and swallowed another *replevin* stimulant.

Twelve o'clock.—A huge fellow made a wry face at me—I swore I'd prosecute him for an *assault*, when he commenced

a most tremendous *battery* upon my poor carcase: I gave him a *rejoinder*—he tipp'd me a *sur-rejoinder*—I then darted my head into his stomach, by way of a *rebutter*, when he fell to the ground, and I won the cause.

One o'clock, P. M.—Took a little more of the usual *replevin*—sat down to dinner, and ate a slice of ham—made five resolutions to live more temperately—took a glass of *half-and-half*, by way of confirming them.

Two o'clock.—In prime order—went to see Miss K.—a fine looking girl she is too—whispered her a little nonsense in the ear: her mother don't like me—she popp'd in all of a sudden, and caught me kissing her daughter; I made *issue* per front door, and was off in a tangent.

Three o'clock.—Saw a creditor—he dunn'd me hard—but I *non-suited* him for the present.

Four o'clock.—Time to go to study—got a head-ach—read about *fetty larceny*—an old cake-woman came by, and I made *forcible entry* upon her basket, and *detainer* upon her gingerbread: the old dame made prodigious loud and strong declarations against it. My plea was *fun*: she vow'd she'd sue me—I gave her the price of the cakes to compromise, and so the affair ended.

Five o'clock.—Went to see an acquaintance—tried to be witty—out of five attempts, three were abortions—one joke was laughed at, and I shrewdly suspect that I was laughed at myself. *Mem.*—Stick to common sense, and let wit alone.

Six o'clock.—Took a little more *replevin*—found my stomach in prime order—got among the girls—talked nonsense—laughed loud, and endeavored to be amusing—the girls snigger'd—I looked foolish and became totally dumb-founded.

Seven o'clock.—Shall I go bed? Too late yet—whistled *Lilabullero*—caper'd about the house, and swigg'd another *replevin*—felt quite lively—sallied out—broke a Negro's head: the fellow made more noise than our court-crier—I made my *escape instant*.

Eight o'clock.—Took another *replevin*.

vin.—Nine.—Another.—Ten.—Another.—Eleven.—Two more, in quick succession.

Nine o'clock the next morning.—Found myself in bed with my coat on.

ANECDOTES.

A Methodist Preacher in the country, who was explaining to his congregation the great benefits arising from the sabbath, and willing to show his learning, told them that among other excellencies of the Christian institution, was the proper choice of the day. The Jews, said he, keep it on seventh, but we keep it on the first, and if it were on any other it would make a *broken week*.

A Dissenting preacher, who had much owing him by one of his congregation, lately preaching upon the words in Job, *We brought nothing into this world, and verily we can carry nothing out*, observed it was very true, that a man could carry nothing of his own out of the world, but I am certain, added he, that he may carry out a great deal of other people's.

RIGAUD, the painter, being one day, employed in painting the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he came to the lower part of the face, she contracted her lips in a most violent manner; in order that she might appear to have a little mouth; upon which the artist said to her very gravely—*Be not uneasy Madam, if you chuse, I shall make you no mouth at all.*

MILTON'S third wife had an unhappy temper, but so fine a complexion, that a French gentleman who once paid him a visit, said, Monsieur Milton, your lady is like the rose. It may be, said the bard with a sigh, but I am so unhappy as to be blind, and alas! have never found any thing but the thorns.

WHEN Lord Buckley married a rich and beautiful lady, who had been solicited at the same time by Lord Powls, in the rage of felicity he wrote thus to the Duke of Dorset:

Dear Dorset—I am the happiest dog alive.

Yours, BUCKLEY.

ANSWER.

Dear Buckley—Every dog has his day.

Yours, DORSET.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, June 15, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 34 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 8—child-bed 1—convulsions 5—debility 3—dropsy 1 dropsy in the head 1—drowned 1—inflammatory fever 1—typhus fever 1—hives 2—inflammation of the stomach 1—inflammation of the lungs 1—obstruction of the liver 1—old age 2—pleurisy 1—St. Anthony's fire 1—sudden death 1—and 1 of suicide by laudanum.

Of whom 8 were men—12 women—6 boys—and 8 girls.

Of whom 8 were of and under the age of one year—2 between 1 and 2—4 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—3 between 20 and 30—8 between 30 and 40—4 between 40 and 50—1 between 50 and 60—1 between 70 and 80—and 1 between 80 and 90.

Strawberries are observed to be remarkably fine this season; several were gathered yesterday in the garden of Mr. Abraham Franklin, at Flushing, above three inches in circumference, and one measured very nearly four.

Stephen Arnold, who murdered the little orphan girl by whipping her to death in the county of Herkimer some time ago, has been safely lodged in Otsego jail. He was to receive his trial at the Circuit Court which commenced its sitting yesterday se'nnight before Judge Tomkins.

Hartford, June 12.

A DISTRESSING EVENT.

We are informed by a correspondent at Bristol, that Mrs. Farnsworth, wife

of Mr. James Farnsworth; also an infant child of Mr. Sheldon Rich and wife (all belonging to Bristol,) were drowned on the 30th of last month.

The circumstances of this melancholy catastrophe (according to our informant) were as follows.—The afore-mentioned persons, together with three men who are not named, were returning from New-Haven to East-Haven, in a pleasure-boat, and with a gentle breeze; when suddenly the boat was overturned, about midway between the two shores, by a flaw of wind.

Mrs. Farnsworth instantly sinking, her affectionate husband repeatedly plunged after her, and at length raised her and drew her upon the upset boat, but life was departed. Finding that his wife had expired, and thinking the boat to be sinking, he committed himself to the waves; from which he was rescued by a small boat near the shore.

Mr. Rich was holding his infant in his arms when the boat upset. His first efforts were to swim with it to shore. Soon finding that the infant was apparently lifeless, and perceiving his wife clinging to the boat, he reluctantly dropped that, and hastened to her rescue, which he happily effected at the moment when her own strength had failed.

One of the three men afore-mentioned was drowned, the other two held to the boat; who, with Mr. Rich and wife were taken off by a humane boatman. Mrs. Farnsworth was a respectable young woman and had been married but a few months.

Capt. Wm. Howard, with his brother in law Mr. Robert L. Murray, (son of the late Rev. John Murray,) were on Saturday last sailing for pleasure in the harbor of Newburyport, when a sudden squall struck the boat, and she instantly sunk. Capt. Howard who was an expert swimmer, reached the shore, almost exhausted; but Mr. Murray, who could not swim nor receive any assistance from his friend, perished in the water.

NOVELTY IN LONDON.

On Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday last, the Lascars of the Mahometan persuasion, at the east end of the town, had a grand religious festival. The first day they made a slow procession along the New Road, St. George's in the East, Cannon-street, Ratcliff Highway, Shadwell, and other streets, with drums and tambourines. In the course of the procession they performed pantomimical dances with drawn swords, cutting the air in various forms; then followed four blacks dressed in long white robes, holding emblematical figures in their hands; another held a vase in which was a fire, and a man in a white vestment treading backwards, threw incense into it.—At every turn of the streets, a group of the same people lifted up their hands and heads to Heaven, hymning some passage out of the Alcoran. They conducted themselves with the greatest decorum. On Monday and Tuesday they had two more solemn processions the same way and on Thursday another succeeded which closed their religious festival.

We understand that this was a kind of jubilee, in honor of the commencement of their new year, and translation of Mahomet into Paradise, and imploring him and the deity to give peace to the suffering world, and to them a safe return to their own country.—

London pap.

DEFINITION OF GRATITUDE.

At the institution of the *Deaf and Dumb*, in the street of the Observatory, No. 115 Paris, a question was put to a pupil of the Abbe Sicard, which would have puzzled any other person to have immediately resolved, although possessed of the perfect use of both his ears and his tongue, yet was instantly, and elegantly answered, in five words, by one who never enjoyed the use of either—*What is gratitude?*—THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

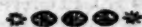
A CARD

To the Clergy of Massachusetts.

The Ministers of those towns, within this State, who have made returns of *Deaf and Dumb*, are respectfully ac-

quainted, that sundry papers of a Pamphlet on the subject of the practicability of instructing young persons in that predicament; published some years ago in England, (since which a charitable institution has been effected there) are lodged in the hands of Mr. James White, Bookseller, Court-street, for distribution to such Ministers, of which their acceptance is requested, with due respect, by the author.

PHILOCOPHOS.



BEWARE OF GAPING.

On the 24th ult. a countryman, in the act of gazing and gaping to see the wonders in the town of Boston, was seized with a fit of gaping; and actually put his jaw out, which occasioned considerable bustle; but medical aid being soon obtained, he was restored to the pleasure of again shutting his mouth!

Boston paper.



MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, Mr. John L. Ambree, druggist, of this city, to Miss Deborah Lawrence, of Flatbush, (L. I.)

On Monday evening, George Hamme-kin, esq. Danish consul for the Eastern States, to Miss Eliza Ogden, daughter of Lewis Ogden, esq. late of this city, deceased.

Mr. Giles Cooper, to the amiable Miss Hannah Sabina, (Mr. Cooper has, for a number of years acted in the capacity of College cook, with high reputation for his promptness and fidelity.)

May no broils interfere to trouble this brace;

But harmony season'd with cheer and good grace

Prepare them for love—And this be their toast,

Whoe'er cooks for College, let "his wife rule the roast,"



DIED.

On Sunday evening last, in the 27th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Anne Bent, relict of the late Capt. Andrew Bent, of this city.

At Richmond, Vir. on the 17th of May, Capt. Webb, late master of the schooner Eliza, of this port.

Suddenly on his passage from Richmond to New-York, Mr. Philander Judson, of the house of Judson and Burr, in that place.

On Thursday, in the 20th year of his age, Augustus Sands, son of Comfort Sands, Esq.

Suddenly on Thursday morning, Major Nathan Furnian.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. HALLAM.

ON MONDAY EVENING, June 17,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A FAVORITE COMEDY,

Not performed here these 14 years,

Called,

THE CHANCES,

OR,

The Two Constantias.

Between the Play and Farce,

A HORNSPIPE,

By Miss Graham, being her first appearance.

To which will added,

(For the first time in America,)

A NEW MELO-DRAME,

called,

The Lady OF THE ROCK.

Written by Thomas Holcroft, Esq.

Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,
PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,
No. 250, Water-street.

Four doors West of Peck Slip;

Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japan'd Pewter, and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at the shortest notice.

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respect ive houses, or he may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau St. where may be had his ANTISCOR-BUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Walte's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

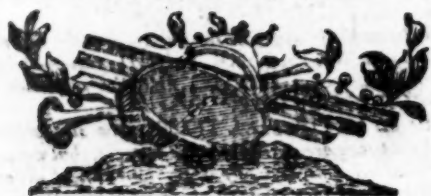
"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public."

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No. 102 Water-Street; Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co. Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowry Lane.

Price One Dollar.



From the Port Folio.

ANACREON.—ODE xxviii.

IMITATED

PEEERLESS painter, take thy pallet,
Snatch the rainbow's richest hue;
Lo! a nymph demands thy pencil,
Brighter never artist drew.

But alas! shouldst thou behold her,
Rob'd in youthful beauty's pride,
Thou wouldst gaze:—Thy trembling fingers
Could no more the pencil guide.

Listen, then, while my endeavors
Sketch the fair one's ev'ry charm;
Let their undiminish'd lustre
All the kindling canvass warm.

First her shining jetty ringlets—
Here exert thy nicest care—
Let them, if thy art can reach it,
Fill with od'rous sweets the air.

Spotless as the polish'd ivory,
Her smooth forehead next pourtray,
Down to where the dusky eyebrows
Their contrasting shades display.

Neath the nearly meeting arches
Let two sparkling orbs be seen;
Give them love's bewitching languish—
Give them wisdom's placid mien.

On her cheek let blooming roses
Mingle with the lily's white;
And her lips of rich persuasion
To the rapturous kiss invite.

Fluttering round on purple pinions,
Loves and graces hover near,
When her chin's expressive dimple,
And her snowy neck appear.

Swelling to the touch of rapture,
Bursting on the ravish'd sight,
Paint the beauties of her bosom,
Living throne of dear delight!

Let a robe of richest purple,
Half conceal the lovely whole—
Lo! she lives—her gentle accents,
Soon shall vibrate on my soul.

ANGEL'S FACE.

NO plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight,
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night,

Along whose inner bottom—stretch'd
In pride of chubby grace—
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John swallowed first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone!

John often urg'd her to drink fair;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore—drained the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he played;
And where the angel stood so plain
He got a Devil pourtrayed.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd with wonder petrified,
His hair stood on his pate;
And, "why dost guzzle now," he cry'd
"At this enormous rate!"

"John," she said, "am I to blame?
I can't in conscience stop;
For then 'twould be a burning shame,
To leave the devil—a drop."



EPIGRAM.

AS two Divines, their ambling steeds bestriding,
In merry mood o'er Boston neck were riding,
At length a simple structure met their sight,
From which the felon takes his hempen flight,
When sailor like, he squares accounts with hope,
His all depending on a single rope;
"Ah where, my friend," cried one, "where now
were you,
"Had yonder gallows been allowed its due?
"Where," said the other in sarcastic tone,
"Why Where—but riding into town alone."



N. SMITH.



Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 17 Banker-Street as usual; and will open another the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Orchard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil deportment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several genteel boarders, the house being very roomy, and therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.

No. 17, Banker-Street, New-York.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

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